

The Bridge

by kornerbrandon

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Summary: When Hiccup and the tribe are called to war by the King of Norway, they cannot ignore the call. They sail to the Kingdom of England, where the King of Norway intends to claim the English crown. Will they achieve more than they can possibly imagine, or will they be forced home in shame?

1. Chapter 1

****G'day mates and welcome to my first ever HTTYD story! This is set approximately six months after the events of HTTYD 2, and Berk's mostly been rebuilt. It is set in the year 1066, which was a pivotal year in the history of England. You see, the death of Edward the Confessor, King of England sparked a crisis, as he had left no male heir. The nobility elected Harold Godwinson as the king, but he was immediately besieged by rival claimants Harald Hardrada, King of Norway and William the Bastard (Later known as William the Conqueror), Duke of Normandy. Hardrada's campaign will obviously be the focus of this story.****

****I should mention that this will mix fictional elements with historical ones. There are some entirely fictional chapters, and historical ones too.****

****Moving on to the story then!****

The sun was shining in Berk for a change. It was a welcome change of pace from the usual miserable weather they'd had. Overlooking the village of the Hairy Hooligans tribe was a giant statue of Stoick the Vast, the recently deceased chief of the tribe. While they knew they would never fully recover from Drago's attack, they would do the best they could. It was what he would've wanted.

In the skies above Berk, two dragons raced around the island with their riders on their backs. The two were ducking and twirling all over the place. Soon after, they reached the finish line at the village docks. As soon as they touched down, the playful teasing

began.

"Better luck next time Astrid."

"Hiccup, the only reason you beat me is because you were on Toothless. Trust me, if you had a different dragon, I would've won."

"Oh really?" Asked Hiccup.

"Yeah." Replied Astrid.

"Well we'll have to test that someday."

"We will." Astrid kissed Hiccup quickly before the two started walking back to the house they shared, hand in hand with Toothless and Stormfly in tow.

Ever since Hiccup had become the new chief, the people of Berk had become less bull-headed. They were focused on rebuilding the village; and even though it wouldn't be completely rebuilt for another three years, they kept hammering away, literally. Even the dragons were helping. Hey, it was their home too.

"Hey Hiccup, do you know where that ship came from?" She asked, referring to the large ship they had spotted that was moving ever closer to Berk.

"No; I haven't the slightest clue. My guess is nothing good. Anyway, that ship's not going to reach us for a few hours, we have some time on our hands." He said. Truth be told, it was playing on his mind as well. It was larger than Trader Johann's ship by far, and it looked built for war. But it was only one ship; it didn't stand a chance against hundreds of armed Hooligans. Unless they had Housecarls. They were fierce with a capital F. Their giant two-handed axes could cleave a man in half with a single stroke.

Eventually, the two arrived at their house. It seemed that Valka was still out with Cloudjumper, and Toothless and Stormfly were chasing each other around the village, which gave the two young Vikings some time alone.

"So, what do you want to do?" Asked Astrid.

"Oh I can think of a few things . . ." Said Hiccup. Astrid chuckled momentarily before Hiccup smashed his lips into hers. Soon, it started to get pretty heavy, the two kissing intensely for a while. The two had lost track of time while they were enjoying themselves, as evidenced when Valka returned.

"Hiccup, there's ship down at the-" She started before she noticed the two teenagers writhing on the floor. "I hope I'm not interrupting." She said smirking. Astrid and Hiccup broke apart quickly, their faces both bright red at being caught.

"Uh, not at all mum. Not at all." Said Hiccup, straightening his tunic. Astrid was straightening her hair rather sheepishly as well.

"In any case, there's a ship down at the docks. They've asked for the

chief." Said Valka. Hiccup hated that title. He just wanted to be known as plain old Hiccup; not Chief Hiccup or whatever. It was one of his pet peeves.

"Yeah, sure. I'll meet with him." Said Hiccup. The three of them walked down to the docks in comfortable silence. When they arrived, Hiccup could see that a large crowd had gathered. As the people made way for him, he could see that Gobber, Snotlout, Ruffnut, Tuffnut and Fishlegs were currently talking to the man. Thankfully, it was Gobber who was doing most of the talking.

"Ah! Here's our chief now. You can talk to him." Said Gobber. Hiccup saw a tall blonde man with 20 Housecarls standing either side of him.

"I'm Hiccup Horrendous Haddock III, Chief of Berk. Who are you, may I ask?"

"I am Tostig Godwinson. I have been sent here by Harald Hardrada, King of Norway and rightful King of England. He is currently raising an army to take the throne from my brother, the usurper Harold Godwinson. I have been sent here to discuss terms for an alliance between the Hairy Hooligans tribe and King Harald."

"Why do you need an alliance with us?" Asked Hiccup.

"King Harald was a friend of your father. He has asked for this alliance not just because of the friendship he and your father had, but also because of your reputed leadership skills and the fighting skills of this tribe." Said Tostig.

"I am not my father. I never met this King Harald"

"King Harald thought you might say that. How about a gesture of good faith? We have something you'd like." Tostig said. He signalled two of the sailors forward. The two were restraining a large man between them who had a large bag over his head. Tostig removed the bag to reveal none other than . . .

****Please don't hate me for this! One thing I've found is that cliffhangers keep people interested. And since this is a fandom that I've never written for before, I figure that trying to maintain a reader's interest is paramount.****

****Anyway, what did you think of it? The idea came to me when I was watching a documentary about the Battle of Stamford Bridge (which will be the climax of this story). See ya next time mates!****

2. Chapter 2

****G'day mates and welcome to chapter 2! The story starts to kick off in this chapter, so enjoy!****

DRAGO!?! Thought Hiccup. He had survived, only to be captured by Hardrada's lieutenant? That was impressive; and it was a gesture of good faith if Hiccup ever saw it. As he looked around, he could see the faces of everyone darken at the sight of the man who had killed Stoick and attacked Berk.

"Do with him what you will; on the condition that you'll join King Harald's fleet when it arrives and help him seize the English throne." Said Tostig.

"We have an agreement." Said Hiccup without hesitation. The two leaders shook hands; and Tostig signalled for Drago to be handed over. Gobber and Snotlout took him.

"What do you want done with him, Hiccup?" asked Snotlout.

"Put him in irons and throw him in the dungeons. He can live out his life in darkness." Said Hiccup. The two nodded and hauled a shouting Drago off. "So, when should this fleet be arriving?" He asked Tostig.

"A few hours. King Harald likes to keep momentum. I'd advise you start preparing for war now. Me and my housecarls will stay on our ship, if it's all the same to you." Tostig replied. Hiccup turned to the crowd behind him.

"Ready the ships!" He shouted. Valka, Eret and Astrid started marshalling the assembled Vikings around, gathering weapons, armour and other equipment they may need.

"Are you sure about this Hiccup?" Asked Fishlegs, tentatively.

"No, but they gave us Drago. That alone sealed the deal. Besides, this is also a chance to find out why the Saxons did what they did all those years ago." Said Hiccup. Fishlegs nodded, remembering that when they were still just small children, the Saxons had tried to invade the Archipelago. The only reason they had failed is because the majority of the tribes had stood together to fight off the invasion. To this day, they never knew why the Saxons had invaded. Fishlegs' theory was that the Saxons wanted to block the Viking raiding fleets that came down through the Archipelago.

* * *

><p>A few hours later, most of the ships were laden with weapons, armour and dragons. Lots of dragons. England was too far for the dragons to fly, so they were transported by ship instead, to be saved for battle when they arrived. Hiccup stood on the deck of his flagship with Toothless at his side. The rest of the gang also was aboard the same ship. It was considered a huge honour to be aboard the Chief's ship, so they were predictably excited.<p>

Soon, Hiccup could see a small group of ships appear on the horizon. That small group got bigger and bigger as it got closer. Hiccup and Toothless stared slack-jawed at the approaching Viking armada. There had to be over 200 ships there! _Whoever this King Harald is, he means business_ thought Hiccup. He could see Tostig standing on the deck of his own ship.

"Tostig! How many ships does King Harald have?" Hiccup asked.

"With your 30 ships, we'll have 300. More than enough to take England and topple my rotten brother for good." Tostig replied. Hiccup hoped so. The Saxons were known for fighting fiercely in battle. Astrid meanwhile, was somewhat surprised at the hatred Tostig had for his brother. What had his brother exactly done to him?

"Raise the banners!" Shouted Hiccup. The crest of the Hooligans was raised above every ship. The crew on Hiccup's ship also raised the banner of King Harald, to show their alliance.

"We should start sailing out to them. King Harald likes to stay on the move." Said Tostig. Hiccup signalled for the ships to move to full sail, and they started sailing out to King Harald's fleet. Hiccup knew he probably wouldn't see Harald until they landed in England, so he was going to be at sea for a while. He headed below deck, where the gang was gathered with their dragons. Ruffnut was (once again) flirting unsuccessfully with Eret, Snotlout and Tuffnut were having an arm-wrestling match, Valka and Fishlegs were chatting about dragons, and Astrid was just petting Stormfly, who loved every second of it. It was going to be a trying few weeks at sea, but they'd get through it. Toothless followed him down, watching Hiccup sit down next to Astrid. _Humans and their mating rituals, I'll never understand _he thought. He plopped down next to Stormfly, deciding that the best thing he'd be able to do for the next few weeks was sleep. Hiccup quickly fed him a fish, which he happily gobbled down before closing his eyes. Stormfly did the same. The others moved out onto the deck to look at Harald's vast fleet. Again, Hiccup and Astrid found themselves alone.

"Are you sure about this Hiccup? I mean, we don't even know this guy." Said Astrid.

"My father was a friend of his; that's enough for me. Plus they gave us Drago and we can find out why the Saxons invaded us years ago." He responded.

"Yeah, but do you think we can win?" She asked.

"Of that, I'm not so sure. Harold Godwinson's supposed to be an excellent soldier, and the Saxons are fierce fighters. And when they see us coming, they won't see liberators or soldiers of a King, but as death-dealers and savages. They've hated us for years and this'll make them hate us even more. I'm not sure if we'll win, but I'll do my damndest to honour my father's memory." He said. The two made small talk for a few hours, before falling asleep with Astrid's head on his shoulder. When Gobber and Valka went to tell them that they had arrived at Hardrada's fleet, they couldn't bring themselves to wake the peacefully sleeping couple up. They simply smiled at each other and went back above deck.

And there's Chapter 2! Not a brilliant story, I know, but hey, it's my first attempt at an HTTYD story. Anyway, bye for now mates!

3. Chapter 3

Hello, my loyal readers. I know, this isn't an update, but this is a very solemn occasion.

A lot of you live in countries where the sport of cricket is not played, but something terrible has happened.

**2 days ago, batsman Phillip Hughes, batting for South Australia against New South Wales, was struck behind the ear by a bouncer from

bowler Sean Abbot. Hughes was rushed to hospital, but unfortunately, he passed away an hour ago.**

Hughes was one of Australian cricket's best, dubbed the next Don Bradman, a title which he may've achieved. Tragically though, his life and career have been snuffed at the young age of 25.

While some of you may not know what cricket is, I can assure that deaths related to the sport are very, very rare. As a result, it has shocked the entire cricketing world, and sent waves throughout the sporting world.

I call upon you now, my loyal readers, no matter what country you live in, to show your condolences. If possible, review or PM me with a message of condolence to his family and friends, and as a cricketing official, I can assure you that I will personally forward them to his family.

May he rest in peace.

End
file.